

PASSENGERS SAY CARMANIA FAILED TO SEND OUT BOATS

(Continued from Page 1)

the investigation of the ship. The passengers to be taken off the burning ship. But the second officer was not satisfied with what he had done, but returned again and got more. The other

Marie Mattfeld Tells of the Dread Spectacle

With tears streaming down her cheeks, Marie Mattfeld of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who was a passenger on the Grosz Kurfuert, told the story of the Grosz Kurfuert's rescue of 106 of the Voltorno's passengers.

"I was sitting at dinner in the main saloon last Thursday evening chatting with several other passengers. We were remarking about the excellent speed the ship was making. We were making more than usual speed and huge waves were tossing over the decks and causing the ship to pitch and roll. Presently Prof. Adolphus Schmidt, a passenger, entered the saloon and told us that there was a huge body of flame shooting up from some object just ahead of us on the horizon, and that occasionally the object was enshrouded in smoke.

"We all went on deck at once to see a most wonderful sight. A small fire for a moment. There right ahead of us, about five miles away, was a ship burning, while not far away we saw a second ship.

"Then we knew what we had been speeding ahead for during the last few hours. We approached to within 200 yards of the burning ship and our captain stopped the engines. We saw people lined up against the rail of the aftership of the Voltorno stretching their arms out toward us and shouting pleadingly.

"The captain told me later it almost broke his heart to stand there and realize that he could not help these people, for the wind was so strong and there was such a high sea rolling and the time that we did not dare to put out a boat. Every woman on the Grosz Kurfuert knelt on her knees and prayed, right there on the deck, that Providence would save these souls. We were all excited and there was hardly a dry eye among us.

"It was early morning before we were able to do anything, and in the mean time we all watched and waited as the cries of those passengers on the Voltorno rent the air. Suddenly there was a terrible explosion and great tongues of flame rose over 100 feet into the air and presented one of the most terrible scenes one could ever wish to see in a lifetime.

EVERY MAN RESPONDS TO CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

Then the captain of the Voltorno sent up several rockets, and finally we saw four more, which I learned was a demand that an effort be made to save them. Captain Spangenberg stepped up to the group of officers and announced that about the deck and shouted for volunteers. Instantly every officer and seaman aboard our ship stepped forward and volunteered to go to the rescue of those aboard the Voltorno.

"We must risk our own lives," shouted the captain, "to save those souls."

"First Officer Hasbagen stepped up, and selected the strongest seamen, and with Second Officer Bremer a boat was lowered.

"It was a fine illustration of the bravery of our crew. Every man asked if he could not go alone, but only ten were needed.

"They started for the Voltorno and for more than two hours those sailors struggled to reach the side of the burning ship but were forced back continually by the big seas, which at times threatened to capsize the craft.

"While these brave men were fighting to reach the Voltorno's side the women on the Grosz Kurfuert were weeping and praying that they would be saved to rescue those helpless souls around the burning vessel. After several hours, during which time we supposed they had been lost, they returned with twenty-one survivors. Then the crew was changed and another effort was made to bring back more.

"In about two hours it returned with eleven more. And so this boat kept on all through the night, making an effort had been made to put a boat out and this boat, containing several of the petty officers and stewards, who fought the passengers in order to reach the boat themselves, was crashed against the side of the vessel and all of them drowned. This frightened the others.

Those who were brought aboard our ship were stunned with fear. Many faces wore a look of misery. Men grabbed the spirits that were offered them and drank with shaking hands. Officer Bremer told me later that he had to go up and throw down several of the passengers in order to save them. They stood on the deck of the burning vessel with blank expressions and speechless. In fact, he said, they didn't seem to care whether they were saved or not. Hunger, fear, misery and exposure had stunned their brains.

CHILDREN PLAYING ON DECK WHEN GRABBED BY RESCUERS.

"Officer Hasbagen said that he found children playing on the deck of the burning ship and had to grab them up and pass them to the side of the vessel. They were totally ignorant of their position and were full of grief.

"I tried to sleep, after we had been assured that everybody had been saved, but the reflection of the flames through the port hole lighted up my room like day. I went on deck and again looked at the Voltorno, which by this time was a perfect roaring, fiery furnace, with flames leaping out of the center of her, followed by loud explosions every few minutes. We believed that she had fireworks in her hold, for these explosions were followed by what appeared shooting rockets and other fireworks.

"When we had saved everybody it was possible to save everybody who

remained on the ship. Kurtfuert, in command of Third Officer H. Hasbagen, who was a passenger on the Grosz Kurfuert, also made the rescue. He was a passenger on the Grosz Kurfuert, and he was a passenger on the Grosz Kurfuert.

JOSEFF'S DAUGHTER HOPED IT WAS NIGHTMARE.

Helen Joseffy, daughter of the pianist, Raphael Joseffy, was a passenger with her father on the Grosz Kurfuert. Her father was ill and the emotional strain of the rescue made him worse. "It was like a frightful nightmare," all of us said. "It was such a relief to realize that one would wake up and find that it had not happened. The unbearable light of the burning ship, the rolling and tossing of the sea, the boats bobbing around on the crest of the waves and lost in their hollows seemed beyond belief.

"When it was all over and we had the poor creatures on board we did all we could to make them comfortable, but the very first thing that was done was to collect a fund of 1,000 marks for the crew of the first boat which went out from our ship.

"A much larger sum was collected for the passengers from the Voltorno and we all of us went through our purses and gave up such clothing as we could. We organized a relief committee so that everything would be given where it was most needed."

Brave Sailors Drag Victims from Sea

Nothing can be more calmly, unassumingly heroic than the story of the rescue of the first Voltorno refugees as told today by the men of the Grosz Kurfuert, who set out in frail boats on the storm-maddened sea and brought 106 men from the waves back to life and safety.

Only three men had been rescued from the burning hulk when the first of the Kurfuert's rescue boats bobbed up from the night like an egg shell tossed in a whirlpool, and a voice called from the little boat:

"Jump and we'll save you!"

And they did jump, and the crazy little corkie shell picked them up one after another, all through the hours of the dreadful, gale, storm-driven night, and took them all back to the Kurfuert, two miles away.

Second Officer Horst von Carlshagen of the Kurfuert was in command of the first boat to put off from the German liner to aid the stricken Voltorno. He tells a thrilling story of the silent, grim, Teutonic courage with which his men went about their task—went about it and accomplished it.

PASSENGERS KEPT IN IGNORANCE OF WRECK.

"We arrived in sight of the burning Voltorno at 4 o'clock on the morning of the accident," said Carlshagen. "We had got the wireless call for aid the night before and made all speed to succor the sinking ship. Our passengers knew nothing of our change in course. It was thought unwise to excite them by telling that we were rushing to the rescue of a burning liner.

"When we came in sight of the burning Voltorno tremendous seas were running and a wild storm was breaking over the scene. To launch boats in such a sea meant to have them crushed against the side of the liner that tried to put them off.

"We officers conferred and tried to think of a way of getting the boats down or taking off the passengers. We ran close in, but found the Carpathia and Scythia there and retreated to avoid collisions. As the evening wore on we began to feel more and more the desperate predicament of the Voltorno, but aid seemed out of the question. But, toward 8 o'clock, Capt. Spangenberg called for volunteers to go over with the boat.

"It was a tense time, but there were far more volunteers than were needed. With me in the first boat were Quartermaster Bornemann, Hallmaker Ewerman, sailors Kempf, Tschetschne, Sittus, Wagner, Thurnath, Moritz and Stoker Schaeffer. Our boat was No. 8.

RESCUERS ROW TWO MILES THROUGH VICIOUS STORM.

"It was just 8 o'clock, when after

SAILORS BATTLE STORM FOR SIX HOURS.

The second of the Kurfuert's boats to reach off was in command of Third Officer Lieberman von Sonnenberg. It left the German liner half an hour after the first boat and was gone for six hours, fighting with the wind and waves. The boat was gone so long that the Kurfuert's captain had given it up for lost and was looking himself for making the attempt. But in the early hours of the morning, when all hope seemed lost, No. 2 slipped back to the

Lloyd Showed Daring in Repairing Wireless

One of the acts of bravery, which will live in the memory of every passenger who was aboard the Voltorno, was that of Second Officer Lloyd, who climbed the forward mast of the burning ship and re-connected the wireless apparatus after it had been broken by the explosion.

This happened before any ship had come to the aid of the doomed vessel, when an explosion in the hold blew part of the apparatus away.

Without the wireless working there was no hope. And Capt. Luch asked who would volunteer to go up and re-adjust it. Instantly Lloyd threw down his coat and started to climb the main mast, while the flames were scorching his clothes. The flames sinned the hair on the back of his hands and scorched his face, but he clung to the mast, and with the ship pitching and rolling in the heavy seas, adjusted the wireless.

The officers and passengers of the Voltorno who were saved say it was the greatest exhibition of bravery of the entire drama, and that as a result Lloyd was compelled to remain in the hospital of the Grosz Kurfuert for two or three days.

Lloyd was very modest in his description of this feat.

Third Engineer Finch of the Voltorno is another modest hero who did not want to talk of what he had done.

During the entire time the ship was burning Finch remained on duty in the engine room, and, though the heat was intense, and threatened every moment to consume him, yet he refused to leave his post until most of the others

had been saved. As last he had to be dragged from his post in the hold of the ship.

BOAT CAME NEAR BEING LOST AFTER A RESCUE.

Third Officer H. Lieberman von Sonnenberg of the Grosz Kurfuert, who was in the last of the Grosz Kurfuert's boats which rescued Voltorno passengers, gave an additional cause for the great difficulties encountered by rescuing boats when he declared that the gases emanating from the Voltorno flame were so strong as to weaken his men.

"When we got as near as I thought we could go in safety," he said, "I ordered the men to balance the boat. I then shouted to the crowding emigrants to jump into the sea so we could pick them up.

"The women and the children seemed afraid to jump, but eleven men made the leap, and I, with another man, pulled them aboard with boat-hooks. Then, absolutely exhausted, we decided to return, as it seemed that we could do no more.

"After a four-hour struggle we reached the Grosz Kurfuert and there found the seas so high that we could not get aboard. Our boat was driven away from the ship, for we were too exhausted to row against the waves. It seemed that we were doomed to fail ourselves.

"Finally we managed to get up the small mast and sail with which our boat was provided and beat our way back to the Grosz Kurfuert. We had been six hours in the small boat when we finally got on board. I was so tired that I could not walk."

Dock Crowds Frantic When Ship Arrives

Two hours before the arrival of the Grosz Kurfuert at her dock the big court yard in front of the North German Lloyd docks was crowded with people and every ferry and tunnel train from New York brought more. For the most part those who awaited the incoming ship with strained lines of fear on their faces were people from the east side of New York, who had relatives on board the ill-fated Voltorno.

The customs men on the second level of the pier were very strict in enforcing the rule prohibiting any one not provided with a pass from passing the gates into the customs section. About 300 people showed passes and massed themselves against the ropes before the opened doors as the black hull of the rescue ship was slowly warped into place and the gangways were made ready.

Back on the stairways and in the alleyways leading to the court the crowd was close packed. When the big ship slowly turned in the stream and tugs began to inch her into her berth the shadow of her masts fell across the windows on the stairway and the anxious ones who could not be pushed restlessly to reach the coveted space by the customs force.

An old woman with a shawl over her head grew hysterical when the guards at the gate refused to let her into the space reserved for the customs inspection. In broken English and piercing Yiddish she explained that her only son, "spared by the good God," was on the ship and could anyone deny a mother the right to see her boy, saved by death?

When the gangplank was run up to the first cabin deck an old woman and her two daughters, not refugees from

the ship of the Kurfuert, with a large crowd of relatives and a few friends, stood from exhaustion. And then they were rescued.

"There were a few women, too," said Officer von Sonnenberg, "and I called repeatedly to them to jump and asked them to come first, but they would not. There was no cowardly running to the Voltorno. Some even tried to throw the women into the sea, so we could get them, and they only jumped themselves when the women would not. It was a great and a terrible fight—those black hours in the storm, but we were saving human lives."

board on the ship, until the last of the Grosz Kurfuert's passengers, was rescued. Dr. David Waldman of the Hebrew Sheltering and Immigrant Aid Association, with a dozen other representatives of a Hebrew philanthropic organization to aid him, went aboard the ship while the first cold passengers were leaving and consulted with the ship's officers as to the immediate needs of medical and physical relief of the survivors.

During the night in the excitement of the ship's discharging and when the first cold passengers were still streaming down the gangplank, a sudden dramatic incident dropped down to put on higher edge the strained nerves of those waiting behind the customs gates.

Third Officer Dusselman of the Voltorno appeared at the head of the gangway and took a step down toward the pier. Suddenly a sharp scream rose over the hum of voices in the customs shed and two women waved their arms frantically toward the slender young man in blue uniform. They were Mrs. Max Dibel and Miss Paula Dusselman, sisters of the ship's officer who had been saved from death. Miss Dusselman, seemed on the verge of hysteria when her brother rushed down the gangplank and took both sisters in his arms.

It was nearly an hour after the ship docked that the survivors began to come off the ship. And a pitiable lot they were—half clad, unshaven, gaunt looking Russians, Poles and Lithuanians, whose faces still bore the stamp of terror and in whose eyes lay the fear of death. Some were hardly clothed, with makeshifts and blankets; their bare bodies showing as they moved.

SIGHT MORE DRAMATIC THAN BELASCO SETTING. DECLARES ACTRESS.

Vera Maxwell, formerly of Ziegfeld's Follies, and who returned on the Grosz Kurfuert to play on Broadway, got the thrill of her young life.

"Belasco never staged anything like that burning ship," said Miss Maxwell. "It was a sight never to be forgotten, but it aged me a bit. After seeing that ship afire and the heroic attempts to rescue the passengers and seeing them jump into the sea, I don't feel much like cantering before the footlights."

"It was about 11:30 o'clock on Thursday morning that we first got sight of the Voltorno. The passengers on the Grosz Kurfuert hadn't seen told of the trouble. But when we saw the sailors beginning to uncover lifeboats we knew that something terrible was happening.

"The first thing we saw as we came up was a lot of black smoke above the horizon. We didn't know what it was at first, and then we saw that it was a ship on fire. That was the first that the Grosz Kurfuert's passengers

knew of the mission of our ship.

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